

CAPEWALK

Broken shadows fall behind me.
Leaning relics--two old sheds, a cart
complain to the easterlies.
The cape lifts its veil of fog
like an aging woman, intimating,
creating surreal non sequiturs. Winter
dictates its epic in tidal calligraphy.
My footprints cross pages
of curvilinear rhymes.

Nothing here is new. Promiscuous sand
caresses brown beach roses pressed
between chapters of seas and seasons
insinuating change, remaining the same.

Kneeling fences pore over memories,
storing them in morning's damp pockets.
Each small tyranny of time repeats itself.
I will not be deceived again--not even
by one flurry of dwarf sumac
asserting itself with red serifs
against dying reeds of melancholy.

Still--in the teeth of a rising salt wind,
I bare my own in a grin.